THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

From Hatcher's Run to Appomattox with the White Diamonds.

By JOHN A. MACDONALD, Co. G, 7th N. Y.

sary of one of the greatest events in American history, the scene of Lee's surrender is as vivid to me as if it had occurred only a month ago. Were you there? If so, you can never efface from your memory that day of all days in the annals of the grand old Army of the Potomac. It was the closing scene in the dark and bloody drama of desolation and death which had been prolonged over four long years—the bitterest, fiercest, hardest-fought struggle for National life and honor ever known in the history of the world. It was the fruition of all our hopes, the dawn of peace on that bright Sabbath morning when the Confederate battle-flags were furled and Lee's veterans stacked their muskets and parked their artillery in submission to the victorious Union forces. For 10 days we had been battering away at the Army of Northern Virginia—a short but arduous campaign, yet marked with many deeds of valor and endurance in ferre conflicts, and forces.

endurance in fierce conflicts and ference in fierce conflicts and ference marches, and the end was glorious.

On the morning of the 29th of March the Second Corps broke camp at Hatcher's Run and followed the Fifth on the old and beaten track to find the right flank of the rebel army near the White Oak Road. That night our brigade got into position close to the enemy's works near Armstrong's Mill, and lay on our arms un till daybreak in line of battle. All of that night a cold rain fell, and we were saturated to the skin and chilled to the mar row as we crept under the water-lader branches of the pines and cedars and peered anxiously and vigilantly toward the ebel works in expectation of encounter

shortly after dawn the lines were ex-tended by the Fifth Corps moving further to the left, and the Second followed after until we went into line of battle an open field through which ran the Boyd-ton Plank Road toward the rebel lines. Here we intrenched heavily and worked all that day (March 30) strengthening our breastworks, with rain falling steadily and up to our knees in mud.

Battery K of the 4th U. S. Art. took position right on the plank road, with our

Down the Boydton Road about 600 or 800 yards was posted a rebel battery be hind strong fortifications, and soon the rebs began to shell us. They were pret-ty good cannoneers, and made some accurate shooting, but when Battery K got a line on them and opened up with the precision for which Seeley's gunners were noted, they were soon silenced.

On the next morning, away off to the left, near the White Oak Road, Gen. Warren with the Fifth Corps ran across a strong force of the Johnnies, and the roar of musketry and artillery came rolling

and water behind our works, cold, hun-gry and jaded, and next morning the bat-tle was resumed. Another day of fierce

passed Gen. Lee's headquarters, and also

of officers, among whom were one or two lauded by soldiers of the South who were in Confederate uniform, standing near a partakers of their hospitality on that oc body which was about to be interred. Being convinced that the dead soldier was an fficer of high rank, and being inquisitive. I approached near enough to ask one of the burial detail who it was, and was told that the body was that of Gen. A. P. Hill, Confederate leader who was killed that morning. Does any comrade remem-

ber this circumstance?
That night we used the spade and pick again and built light intrenchments where we lay in line of battle, and lay down to t. Early in the morning we were used up with the news that Lee's troops had evacuated Petersburg and were in full retreat. A hasty breakfast of hardtack and coffee was gulped down, when we were ordered to "fall in," and away we started on our last chase after the Army of Northern Virginia. The morning was a beautiful one—a warm April sun was shining, grass green and velvety, peach trees in blossom, and everything peach trees in blossom, and everything bright and cheerful, which was an exceedingly pleasant change after our three days of wallowing in the rain and mud in the trenches.

Our troops were in fine fettle as we marched off briskly with joke and song after our quarry. We must have made 20 miles that day, and at nightfall bivouacked by the roadside. Early next day we started again, and kept up the pace with elation, although suffering from re feet and stiff joints, while our haversacks were empty, the supply trains being far in the rear. So all we could do was to tighten up our waist-belts another inch or two and keep on. It was a tight race for Burkesville Junction, and the roads being yet wet and heavy made the march very fatiguing.

Early on the morning of the 6th we

caught up to the retreating Johnnies, and a lively scrap occurred near Sailor's Creek which was exciting while it lasted. Here Gen. Gershom Mott, who command ed our division, was severely wounded while the loss among the rank and file was pretty severe. Toward sundown we made a charge, and captured a large por-tion of Lee's wagon train, some artillery, and a lot of prisoners.

The next morning we were up bright and early, and again took up the chase. We arrived at High Bridge in time to save it from destruction, as the rebels had fired the structure and two spans were burning. Here we crossed the Appointa-tox River on a pontoon bridge, which was laid by the Engineer Corps in quick time, and followed the Johnnies through Farmville, and or the 8th caught up to them, a few miles further on behind well-built

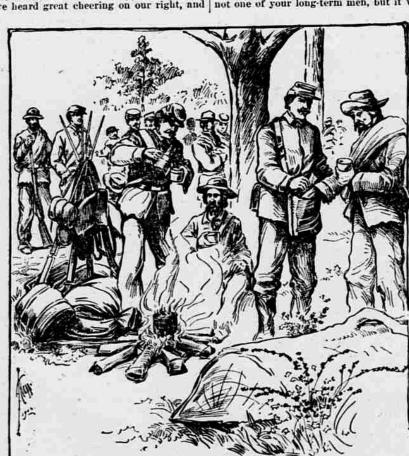
breastworks. All of that afternoon there was considerable fighting, and when we lay down that night we fully expected to have a decisive battle in the morning. But when dawn broke we found that during the night they had skipped again, and soon we were once more in column and at their heels. It was a swift, stern chase, and the scent was hot. Early in the forenoon we were deployed into line before reaching the summit of a slight rise of ground in our front, and advancing we found All of that afternoon there was consid-

Thirty-eight years ago, April 9, 1865 onrselves on the field of Appomattox, with the Army of Northern Virginia saw its finish at Appomattox, and as I pen this brief sketch, comrades, on this anniversary of one of the greatest events in ordered to lie down and await develop-

ments. Over on a road on the opposite side of the field were several wagons, some marked "Southern Express," with a group of mounted men moving to the right displaying a white flag. Who these people were, or what the wagons contained, I never learned. Then along the road came marching a

considerable number of our men who had been taken prisoners by the rebels during the previous week, and who had been just liberated. Some of them had been stripped of hats, coats and boots, and were in a very pitiable condition from fatigue and

hunger
All of these incidents were discussed by as we lay there awaiting a solution of the events that were happening. Then we heard great cheering on our right, and



"THE BOYS IN BLUE CHEERFULLY GIVING UP RATIONS TO OUR LATE ADVERSARIES."

of musketry and artillery came rolling back to us with terrible distinctness.

Then the First Division (Aliles's) of the Second Corps got into the fight in support of Warren, and the rebs were forced back into their works and the White Oak Road was wen for the Union forces.

Sheridan's troopers had meanwhile captered Five Forks, and Gen. Lee began to realize that his right flank was in a bad fix.

All of that day there was heavy fighting all along the line, and in our brigade front the St N. J., 11th N. J., 120th N. Y., and Ilth Mass. made several successive and brave attempts to force the rebellines, but without avail, as the rebels were too strongly fortified. Each of these regiments usuffered severe losses in their endeavors to get through the tangle of slashing and habits in front of the Confederate works. It was desperate fighting, and all were kept busy.

That night we lay down in the mud and water behind our works, cold, hun the selection of the selection of the selection of the participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says and party and played and party morning the hat-selection of the participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says and made and not works, cold, hun participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says and made and not works, cold, hun participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says and made and not works, cold, hun participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says and made and not works, cold, hun participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says the period of the confederate works. All and the period of the participation in the glad event. We all shouted our says to the old boys that they would believe as every speak. And who world—the G. A. R. I belong to H. S. Schuyler Post, 226, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.—

tle was resumed. Another day of fierce fighting ensued, with heavy battle losses among some of the regiments engaged.

Early on the morning of Sunday, April 2, a general assault all along the line started the rebs moving, and our troops broke through their works in several places. Sheridan had smashed their right flank, and started them humping toward Petersburg, while Gens. Wright and Ord had carried everything in their front. It was not crowing over a fallen foe. Ord had carried everything in their front. ries that were vouchsafed to us that day, Our corps marched down the Boydton so I will not attempt it. The maguanim Plank Road, over the rebel intrenchments, and continued on until we reached the outskirts of Petersburg, where we bivouacked that night. On the route we ages, while the whole-souled acts of the boys in blue themselves in cheerfully giv-ing up the rations they had received that Fort Gregg, where details were burying the dead who were killed in the attack on that stronghold that morning.

While near Fort Gregg I saw a group

Was a noble deed that I have often heard

Contemporaneous Account of Mobile Explosion From Soldier's Diary.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Noticing the reply of Comrade Clark to Noah Reichelderfen in issue of April 9, allow me to quote from my diary relative to the me to quote from my diary relative to the the rebels several miles out in the country. explosion at Marshall's Warehouse in It was after dark when we returned to Mobile. I and a number of others were Greenville, and we found the town in detailed from the 7th Mass. Battery to the flames. When the boats came down they pioneer company of Capt. Lyon, in Gen.
Veach's Division, Thirteenth Corps, and had joined our battery at Spring Hill on May 25, it having returned from Selma.

When the observation could not land at the wharf on account of the fire, and had to go about a mile further down.—Jas. A. Vinson, First Sergeant, Co. H. 53d Ill., Fennville, Mich. My record from May 25 reads:

"P. m.—About 3 o'clock we were startled by a terrific explosion, and all rushed to see whence it came. A heavy cloud of black smoke was rising in or near the city, and we concluded it must be the

"Later-The mule team has returned from the city with forage, and we learn that a large warehouse stored with am-munition surrendered by Gen. Taylor at Citronville was ignited, either by ac ident or design; several squares of buildings demolished, and many men killed. Am sure the buildings where the Pioneers were quartered must be included, as they were Fortunate were those of us who returned to our organization. Am anxious o have particulars.

"May 26-Got daily paper with details of explosion; from 300 to 1,000 supposed to have been killed!

"May 29-Pass to the city; roads dusty, and scorching sun. Took box containing rebel papers, a book, and other things, including diary up to date, letters from home, etc., to express office. Went to scene of explosion; fire still burning in the mass of ruins, composed of brick and wood, and, as shells continue to explode night and day, no one cares to get very near. Shot and shell scattered in every direction, some of which did not explode, and I saw boys playing with round ones by rolling them back and forth in the street, as if they were harmless as dumplings. It made my blood creep to see such carelessnezs, and some authority should look to it. Farther on saw three boys occupied in emptying a loaded shell, and told them to quit that kind of business if they wished to die of old age; then hurried on, lest I should see them blown to Halifax, Viewing the ruins from another point, a large shell burst and fragments fell near me, a warning to move on. The railroad building where the Pioneers were first quartered looked as if some heavy weight had fallen upon the roof, but its brick walls were still standing. Called on Mr. Taylor, who told me of the terrible scare it gave to the citizens, with the air full of flying missiles and dropping in yards or on the roofs of dwellings, in many cases exploding. From there I went to the corner of Jackson and Hurst streets, where the last headquarters of the Pioneers, conditions

sisting of wooden buildings, were, and

not my fault. I ran away twice to enist, but father got me back before I was 21; but after I became of age I enlisted. We first went to Natchez, Miss., and then up back to Cairo, Ill.; the roof like hail. It is not much wonder that the 2d Tenn, became frightened and their the 2d Tenn, became frightened and world—the G. A. R. I belong to H. S. Schuyler Post, 226, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.— JULE WARREN, Salona, Wis.

told all the Pioneers had left for New Or-

leans; was told by a citizen that some were killed and others wounded. Many buildings show marks of the explosion, some nearly a mile distant. Learn nothing of the cause of this fearful accident, if

such it was.
"In Mr. Taylor's opinion it was a plo

to kill negro soldiers, as they occupied many cotton-presses adjoining the ware-

nouse and vicinity. Returned in time for

The National Tribune, so that many can be informed of the direful catastrophe.—

M. A. CLEVELAND, 7th Mass. Battery, Thirteenth Corps, Gen. J C. Veach, Com-

retreat, tired clear through."

The 5th Ohio Battery Was There.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read with considerable interest the article of Comrade A. M. Trunk, 5th Ohio Battery which appeared in The Ntaional Tribune of April 2, and if the comrade needs any evidence to prove that a section of his battery took part in the action at Jackson, Miss., on July 12, 1863, he can call on me as a witness. One of the guns was just east of the N. O. J. & G. N. R. R., and I can testify that it was making its share of the noise. He says: our drivers lost limbs by the discharge of canister." When the command started back to Vicksburg I was detailed to go with the Ambulance Corps, and I remem-ber these three boys well. And when we got to Vicksburg they were put in the same ward I was working in. All three had to have a leg amputated above the knee, and I think it was the left leg. One of them died from the effects. One of the three was Charley Uttz, and I tell you he was a brick.

I was also present when our transport

The 45th Ill.'s Entrance Into Vicksburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I desire a small space in your columns in order to refute the claim made by Comrade D. L. refute the claim made by Comrade D. L. batteries to open fire, and it was this that Wellman, 4th Minn., in the issue of Feb. gave it the name of "Dictator." 5, and to substantiate that made by Com-rade Wilbur F. Crummer, 45th Ill., as to was placed over the Court House. I am astonished that even at this late day any counter-claim is made, as I had supposed that it was a matter of history that no one

the street immediately opposite the front of the Court House. The regiment served in this capacity during the entire Summer. Lieut.-Col. Wilson, of Iowa, was Provost-Marshal. On July 5 I was detailed as Assistant Provost-Marshal and served as such for several weeks, and until I was summoned back to my regiment to take the place of the Adjutant.

Forty years is a long time. In the

truggle which most of us have had to hold our own in this hurly-burly life the memory is apt to be at fault, but those scenes were too strongly depicted on my memory to admit of any error as to the main incident regarding this. Comrade Wellman is doubtless correct as to leading the advance on the "Baldwin Ferry road." know nothing about that; we were in the center, on the Jackson road.

Comrade Wellman says in foot note "We marched in between 4 and 5 o'clock m." A fatal admission, my comrade ecause the 45th Ill. was on duty in the city and their flag waving over the Coret House at, I believe, before noon; at any rate, hours before 4 p. m. Now, be good. Don't steal our thunder at this late day. because we are not all dead yet.—J. P. Jones, First Lieutenant, Co. F, 45th Ill.

A Pine Kidney Remedy.

cases or cas

THE CAVALRY STAMPEDE

An Incident of Gen. Scoy Smith's Raid. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice controversy in The National Tribune in regard to the stampede that occurred at Okalona, Miss., on Feb. 22, 1864, during Gen. W. Sooy Smith's raid. As I was a member of the 7th Ind. Cav., and was in that stampede, also in the saber charge at Should any of Capt, Lyon's men be still living and notice this incident of the long ago, I wish they would write me of their experience, or, what is better, send it to Ivy Farm, will tell what I know about it. Early in February Gen. W. Sooy Smith was ordered from the vicinity of Memphis south, to form a junction with sion reached Nolansville, 10 miles out Gen. Sherman at Meridian, Miss. Gen. Smith had a fine army, and every soldier in the ranks had confidence in him, and expected under him to annihilate Gen.

One of Sherman's Bummers.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The views of Medical Examiner Edward T. Bartlett, M. D., 1018 W. Edwards St., Springfield, Ill., in The National Tribune of Action of Marional Tribune of

Springfield, Ill., in The National Tribune of April 2, just fit my case. I was wounded twice, one ball through the calf of right leg and the other ball in right of right leg and the other ball in right letwer the two commends. Gen. thigh, and ball still remaining, at the battle of Leggett's Hill, Atlanta, Ga., Sherman says in his report that the same fighting that it took to cover Gen. Smith's retreat would have reached Gen. Winslow. It was a continual fight the whole day: but we managed to retreat in good order until Feb. 22, when the stampede occurred

which is in dispute. I will quote from the history of the 7th Ind. Cav., published in "The Third Brigade having arrived on the field, the 7th Ind., which was the rear of the First Brigade, and, being nearest when the enemy was marching into Okolona, was ordered to the position mentioned, because the emergency required it.
It was ordered to resume its position in
the brigade... It slowly withdrew its line
and filed to the rear-in column of fours, and started off on the trot to overtake the

The regiment had gone but about a The regiment had gone but about a half mile when the rebels made a furious charge on the Third Brigade. They charged into the town, right up to the battery of howitzers, and captured five or six of them. The scene that followed was terrible beyond description. The 2d Tenn. broke and fled in wild confusion. Soon the entire Third Brigade stampeded and became an uncontrollable mob. Its regi-ments lost all semblance of organization. the men threw away their arms and dashed hatless, pell-mell to the rear, with terror depicted in their faces, deaf alike to threats or entreaties. Col. McCrillis and taff and Gen. Grierson made superhuman efforts to rally this brigade, but to little

There were thousands of refugee negroes following us. The road was full of horses, soldiers and negroes, perfectly frantic and as uncontrollable as wild animals, all

as uncontrollable as wild animals, all crowding to the rear, with the enemy pouring volley after volley into the mass.

The 7th Ind. Cav. was formed and held the enemy in check until the First Brigade was brought back, when order was restored and we continued the retreat. In the evening Ivy Farm was reached and the enemy was fanking us. A little he. the enemy was flanking us. A little be-fore sundown the 4th Mo. and the 7th Ind. Cav. were formed on a hill sloping to the east. By order of Gen. Smith the 7th Ind. Cav. made a saber charge, Col. J. P. C. Shanks in command of the regiment. Many a poor boy went down that hill never to come back. Some of them fell close to my side. It is nikely that the majority of us would have been killed had

that the 2d Tenn. became feightened and ran. They had lost all confidence in their commander, and they knew it was almost certain death for a Southern man to be caught in the Union army.

The 2d N. J. Cav. was brigaded with my regiment all the time, we were in the service, and I am able to say that it was not the 2d N. J. that stampeded at Okolona, Miss.

I have not written the above to get into controversy. I know that the 2d Tenn. was a good regiment and did some good fighting, and they may not be to blame very much for the way they conducted themselves at Okolona. I do not want to cast any reflections on Gen. Sooy Smith. We may not have known all the surround-We may not have known all the surroundings. The rank and file knew but little about the situation except in their own company.—A. S. Whetsel, Co. E, 7th Ind. Cav., Dunkirk, Ind.

Before Petersburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: After the battle of Cold Harbor we returned to Burmuda Hundred with "Baldy" Smith and the Eighteenth Corps.

On June 23, 1864, started for Peter. burg front, where we arrived on the morning of June 24 and took position on the first high ground south of the City Point & Petersburg Railroad, near a battery of 10-pound rifled pieces and mortar butteries. We had not been here long before we learned of the "Petersburg Express," It was a large rifled piece mounted on Petersburg Hights, east by north of us, and threw a fuse shell, as from our standpoint we could see her "headlight" as she flew over us into Petersburg on her ssion of destruction. The boys named "Petersburg Express" on account of

the velocity with which it traveled.

Chaplain Wm. L. Hyde, in his history of the 112th N. Y., page 100, says of these heavy guns: "The position of the regiment was directly in front of a huge piece of ordnance, mounted on the hill near Division Headquarters, called by the men the Petersburg Express, and a little farther back was a 15-inch mortar. These immense guns frequently opened upon Petersburg at night, and then from every direction shot and shell would fly over

In case Gen. Grant ordered a shotted salute of 100 guns, as when Gen. Sherman captured Atlanta, Ga., the boom of this huge mortar was the signal for all the

One comrade says it was placed in po-sition about June 25, and was there a few the first regiment to enter Vicksburg on July 4, 1863. Comrade Crummer is correct. The 45th Ill. led the advance into Wicksburg to the Court House on the Jackson road, and the flag of the 45th Ill. car standing on a track leading to the southwest from the City Point & Peters-burg Railroad, behind a hill, so it was out that it was a matter of history that no one would try to refute.

Furthermore the 45th Ill. was placed on provost guard and went into camp across me: "From five to six feet long; diameter across muzzle, 43 inches; 13 inch shell; weight of gun, 17,185; pounds; powder charge, 21 pounds; shell three inches thick, and, when loaded, weighted 200 pounds, case shot, containing 200 one-ounce cast iron balls." and, as I was informed, was used as a

The mortar "Dictator" was not the heaviest piece of ordnance used, as we had on Morris Island, S. C., under Gen. Gilmore, rifled guns throwing 100, 200 and 300-pound shells; but "Dictator" threw the only 200-pound shell from land bat-tery I ever heard of before Petersburg or Richmond.

That some of our shells reached Peters burg is evident from newspaper accounts at the time. I read one account from a Petersburg paper where a shell fell in a church where they were holding evening services, killing and wounding some of those present.

those present.

There are now many of the old boys of the Second Brigade. Second Division, Tenth, and later the Twenty-fourth, Corps who well remember "Dictator" when her shells loomed up from behind the hill. We could see her fuse-light as the shell revolved on its course directly over our heads as we lay in the trenches in front of Petershurg, our sight resting on the

heads as we lay in the trenches in front of Petersburg, our right resting on the Appomattox River.

Appomattox River.

Who knows, was the old 13-inch mortar in the Government exhibit at the Buffalo Pan-American the mortar "Dictator" used at Petersburg in the campaign of 1864? And if not, how many of this style of mortars were in use, and where were they located?—Wm. H. Winchestwere the located the found into th

STONE RIVER Days of Hard Fighting With Little Actual Gain to the Union Arms.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Christmas Day, 1862, the Union army lay encircling Nashville, Tenn., and the rebel army was posted on Stone River, 30 miles southeast. At sunrise on the 26th, at the call of the bugle, we marched by various roads to reach the enemy. A heavy rain, commencing at 10 o'clock, gave us a thorough drenching. Our divi driving the enemy's outposts before us.

Our company was on picket guard during the night, and suffered much from the rain and lack of fire and sleep.
On the 27th we moved across the country on a dirt road to the Murfreesboro pike, and it proved to be the muddlest day in all of our soldiering. In places where the road ran along a hillside the mud would cover the slope to the foot, being pushed off the road by the feet of men and horses. In the night the snow

covered us to the depth of five inches. During all of this Winter campaign we

had no shelter from the weather, but marched and fought and slept in wet By the evening of the 30th we had ar rived at Stone River and fought our way into the desired position, and both armies into the desired position, and both armies were formed into lines more than two miles long and with 45,000 men and 150 cannons on each side. Neither of the commanding Generals possessed the military genius that wins decisive battles, and it turned out that each had exactly the same plan of battle, which was to hold the right wing in position and to advance and deliver the full force of his blow with the

deliver the full force of his blow with the left wing of his army.

On Wednesday, 31st, the enemy made the forward movement first and struck our right wing with such weight and caused so much disaster that all thought of our advance was dropped and we stood on the defensive. Our regiment was on a problem of the left was of the left with lattle line of the left who fall on this spot June 14, 1864." loudly through our ranks we did not are a shot until nearly 9 o'clock. And all this while we could see the enemy forcing the right wing into our rear. Oh, God! how our hearts and brains throbbed with varying emotions during those trying hours! I glanced along our lines and every face was gray with anxiety, fear and anticipation. I may say that the fear of death fell upon all.

I have account he decree for which levels are stood gazing on the scene below, turning himself around as if to take a farewell view. There standing, a cannon through his breast and opened a wide door through which his spirit took its flight to join his comrades on the other shore."

In Little's Cyclopedia of Classified June 14, 1864; that Gen. Johnston evacuated Pine Mountain on the following day, and

posing army (the 1st Tenn.) advanced against us. When they had marched up within 100 feet of us we gave them such a well-aimed volley that they recoiled in were fired. confusion, but soon came pluckily to the attack again, and then we played a deadly game of kill or be killed.

After an hour or more of alternate firing

and resting, we were compelled to with-draw, as the disaster to the right wing had made our position perilous. We re-turned through a thick cedar woods, fighting, for a half mile to a new line of de-fense, and the day closed without further loss. We were so exhausted by the ex-citement and fatigue of the day that those not on duty slept soundly through a snow-storm that raged all night.

On New Year's Day both armies strengthened their lines by building earthworks and our General sent a small force across the river against the enemy's right wing. This move proved to be the turn-ing point of the battle. There was much skirmishing and artillery firing.

Afternoon on Friday, Jan. 2, the right

wing of the enemy, under Gen. Breckin-ridge, moved forward to drive the small Union force back across the river, and our division was advanced to their support, my company occupying part of the river bank. The enemy's line came down to the other shore in splendid array, and we fired fast and long to keep them from

driven the enemy several hundred yards from the river, and they then retreated across an open field, leaving several pieces of artillery. One of our men, running up to one of these cannon, gave it a resounding slap, and exclaimed: "This is mine, by golly!" This is the only place where I have seen the dead heaped up. Behind one of these guns five men were lying in we cautiously advanced, single file, down

there was a sharp engagement for an an excavation made by the It finally died out in a spluttering rifle fire. Sunday dawned clear. I was awakened from my sleep on the muddy ground by cheers, and found that the enemy had retreated during the early hours as of our crossing the river on Friday, and the great battle was ended. This day most of the dead were buried in trenches dug seven feet wide and about two feet deep. Afterward they were gathered into the National Cemetery.

Monday morning we marched three

miles beyond the river and halted, and in a few days our baggage wagons came and we again put up our tents and settled down to camp life after three weeks' ex-

posure to severe Winter weather. Stone River was really a drawn battle, like most of the conflicts of the war, and decided nothing save proving the courage and steadiness of the American soldiers. Each side lost 10,900 men, killed or wounded. The 18th Ohio had 52 killed and 200 wounded. The best leadership on the Union side was shown by Gens.
Thomas, Rousseau and Palmer, and the best Generals on the Confederate side left and Relle Later best Generals on the Confederate side were Cleburne, Hardee and Polk. Later in the war Sheridan proved to be one of our greatest Generals, but at Stone River I think all eye-witnesses will agree that his ability was not conspicuous.—L. L. SCOTT. Sergeant, 18th Ohio, Nelsonville, O.

The First to Enter Vicksburg.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I am claiming that the 45th Ill. was the first regiment to enter Vicksburg. Regarding Wellman's allegation contrary, I desire to ask him the followcontrary, I desire to ask min the contrary, ing questions: Where did Gen. Grant establish his headquarters? By what road did he enter the city, and at what time? What troops accompanied him?

When the 45th Ill. entered the city I

was Acting Adjutant and rode with Lieut.-Col. Tourtellotte at the head of the regiment, following the brigade commander, Col. John B. Sanborn, and his staff. Now, who was Col. Sanborn following? We marched to the Court House Square

finding no other troops there, nor were any others in sight between that point and the outer works. The flag was on the Court House some hours before 4 o'clock. The fact is the 45th Ill. had been in the Court-

seen from any road except the Warrenton

I can still hear the cry: "O, Yank, for God's sake, give me a cracker!" I remember we gave a Missouri brigade all the crackers we had in our haversacks.—C. W. FULFORD, 45th lil., Wimbledon, N.

THE KILLING OF GEN. POLK.

An Ex-Confederate Turns On a Few Bays of Historical Light-The Third Shot the Fatal One-June 14, 1864, the Date.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I notice that many of the boys, my friends the enemy, are engaged in a controversy as quarters and surroundings they had been to who killed Gen. Polk. Personally I there long enough to have things fixed up enemy, are engaged in a controversy as know nothing about the matter, further than what I learn from history. I am quite certain, however, that Gen. Polk was killed by a cannon ball. June 14, 1864—some 39 years ago. Recognizing how easily one's fallible memory may mislead him, after so many years, I studiously avoid controversy with Federal or Confederate. Somebody is sure to be mis-taken, and I may be the erring one. Since Appomattox, I have been out of the fight, having neither part nor lot in the matter. Every one of my friends, the enemy, who is inclined to be disputatious when referring to the incident on Pine Mountain, is evidently honest in his contention, and I

deliver the full force of his blow with the night had been decided upon, a few shots

wooded crest on the battle line of the Polk, who fell on this spot June 14, 1864." center of the army. And although the bullets and shells whistled and shrieked bullets and shells whistled and shrieked loudly through our ranks we did not fire breast, he stood gazing on the scene below.

Now the moment had come for which we had been training for so many months, and one of the best regiments in the oping dead enough, it matters little whether he was killed in June or August. It will be noticed that Gen. Johnston, chief of the

From the monument, which marks the exact spot where Gen. Polk fell, there is a grand panoramic view for miles in all directions, Pine Mountain being a detacked elevation. The trunk of the chestnut tree that was struck by the shell which glanced and instantly killed Gen. Polk, is still standing.—Geo. Dallas Mosgrove. (Surrendered Confed.)

who fired upon them from the rear. Gallant Joe Hitchcock, carrying a gun, was the only one of the four not wounded. The bushwhackers then charged, but Hitchcock turned and fired his gun, checking somewhat the importunity of the ing, somewhat, the impetuosity of the bushwhackers' assault. He then picked up the other gun and fired again. The lone Hitchcock had the satisfaction of seeing one of the 'whackers fall. Losing interest in the proceedings, the assailants gathered up their hors-de-combat comrade and took to the woods. One of our wounded men subsequently died. I relate this epifired fast and long to keep them from crossing.

After losing heavily the enemy gave way, and then, en masse and without command, we pushed through the narrow stream only to find that the fight grew faster and more furious. We were in the midst of sudden storm blasts of death. The air seemed full of bullets and the enemy showered us with grapeshot. These sounded like quails flying past. When a ball or grapeshot struck a man the sound was like striking an ax into soft wood.

Bullets striking trees of game made a very like the bushwas and leafled back to him in a loud voice: "I have fulfilled my promise; I have that chicken and I called back to him in a loud voice: "I have fulfilled my promise; I have that chicken and I was the encounter with the bushwhackers had occurred near the bushwhackers had occurred near wake, intently listening for the slightest sound. Snider was on one side of the lane and I on the other. Nervously expectant, I will add that never since that remarkable episode (remarkable principally because it was the first and only chicken and was like striking trees of game made a very quiet. Suddenly we heard an awfully terrifying noise, seemingly some four or five rods in our front. Think-the first and only chicken that either Reub or I had stolen during of the dark and devious ways of the sharp report, like frost in timber.

After two hours of hard work we had driven the enemy several hundred yards

Some four or live roots in our front. Hanking of the dark and devious ways of the bushwhackers, we were duly scared, and, for the moment, paralyzed. Presently Snider crawled over to my position and one of these guns five men were lying in a heap, with two others nearly touching them. A heavy rain fell all night, and, as we were completely soaked, we passed some miserable hours.

Saturday Lin 2 disconnections and I'll follow." Traveling on all fours, we cautiously advanced, single file, down the lane. Now and then Snider would pull my leg, indicating that he wanted me to halt and hold a council of war. His inquiry, in a stage whisper, was always the we were completely soaked, we passed some miserable hours.

Saturday, Jan. 3, there was the usual skirmish and artillery firing, but no general engagement. My company was on the skirmish line all day in the mud and rain. In the evening part of the Union force moved up against the rebel line and the same of the Union force moved up against the rebel line and an excavation made by the roots of an an excavation made by the roots hour. As the nearest of the battling forces was not more than 100 yards from where we lay on the firing line, we had a fair opportunity of seeing a night battle. It finally dial out to seeing a night battle.

spot." As an advanced skirmisher, I pushed myself a little further forward, when, lo and behold, I heard a mighty grunt and then saw a big hog scramble out of that hole and go wabbling off in undignified retreat. I know it was a big hog for two reasons. We had killed all the small ones, and surely no little hog could have scared two big 19-year-old boys with gens in their hands. Concerning that In-dian-like advance of two nervous pickets, them would have made good and com-

river and took the chickens to camp.—H. E. HOUGHTALING, Co. K, 10th Wis.,

Dr. Shoop's

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how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is im-possible. But I can one the its possible. But I can cure the disease al-ways, at any stage, and forever. ways, at any stage, and forever.

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Shoops' Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month and, if
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fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

I have no samples because

I have no samples, because any medicine that can affect Rheumatism quickly must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs, and it is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of My remedy does that, even in the most

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

"You Steal a Shicken, Hah!"

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: If the above caption should happen to meet the eye of Comrade "Reub" Robb, of Co. E. 80th Ohio, he will probably be reminded

of the funny episode to which it relates. The circumstances which led up to the bold and daring robbery alluded to were

as follows: One day in the Summer of 1864, while we were encamped a little way back from the depot at Kingston, Ga., I called on a detachment of St. Louis Dutchmen, who occupied a neat little shanty near the railroad. And from the appearance of their in a very attractive style; for instance, the cat lying on the rug, the dog dozing at the threshold, and the flock of chickens picking up crumbs in the dooryard, gave the place a very homelike appearance. I will explain here that while I was not entitled to wear a leaf on my shoulder, entitled to wear a leaf on my shoulder, yet among my friends I was dubbed "Major." Of course, I noticed the chickens, and marveled that they had thus far escaped the clutches of certain predatory near-by parties that I wot of, and remarked that those chickens must roost mighty high. "Oh, no, not so very high," they informed me, showing me an oak buch year the deer "deer war to be a server to b bush near the door; "dere ees vere tay

I then told them that we expected to receive marching orders in a few days, "but before we leave," I said jocosely, "I promise you that I will steal one of those "And they with one accord "Al righd, Machor, eef you kin chickens. replied: kit away mit von of tem shickens, you ish velcom to it."

Not long after this, when my company marched to Resaca, on account of a lame foot, I was left back to come up on the cars with "the stuff." Comrade Reub Robb, who was connected with the Quar-termaster's Department, also remained back to take charge of Quartermaster stores and go on the cars,

The train on which we were to take passage was not ready to pull out till about dark the following evening.

After seeing our goods safely stored inside, Reub and I climbed up and took

passage upon the roof.

I had forgotten about my promise to visit our neighbors' chicken roost till our train had moved up and come to a halt near their quarters, when I said to Reub: "This reminds me I am under promise to steal one of those chickens that are roosting in that oak near that shanty. make good that promise. Now, be ready to grab the chicken when I hand it up to

I then descended the ladder and quietly approached the roost. The indications seemed to be propitious—"all was quiet on the Potomac. After a brief reconnoissance I felt pretty sure that there was nobody at

A chicken was roosting on a lower limb within my reach. By clasping its head in one hand and its feet in the other, I had succeeded in reaching the cars just as the train was starting. To enable me to climb the ladder I let go of the chicken's head, whereupon it did let out a most EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: In July, 1862, down in Alabama, near Woodville, four of our men, only two of them having guns, encountered a band of bushwhealers. chicken into Reub's hands as I neared the top of the ladder, Peter seized and swung onto my lame foot. Bracing his feet and taking a firm grip and a heave and set, he said: "Now, tam you, I fetches you."

Just then I straightened out my foot, which allowed my big old unlared shoe to come off very suddenly, and landed Big Peter on his head and shoulders. As the train moved on, and I stood upon the roof, I looked back and saw Peter on his feet again, shaking his fist at me and trying to say something in every language at his command. I called back to him in a loud

our four years' term of service) have I met Reub but he would salute my ears with what Big Peter yelled at me as he seized me by my old shoe: "You steal a shicken, bah!"

when we meet next August at San Francisco Reub's greeting remark will be: "You steal a shicken, hah!"-W. H. An-DERSON, Co. H, 80th Ohio, Highlands, N. C.

Where Were the Generals?

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: The magnificent army that Sherman led in his great march to the sea was composed of 37 brigades of infantry, three brigades of cavalry and four brigades of artillery. Of the infantry brigades five were com-manded by Brigadiers. 23 by Colonels, seven by Lieutenant-Colonels, and two by

The artillery brigades were all Majors. commanded by Majors. The cavalry brig-ades were all commanded by Colonels. In view of these facts the questions
I naturally arise: Had we a scarcity of Brigadiers, or were they at home, or were they in the cities in our rear holding soft jobs or looking after the "snaps," while the brigades of the army were doing such

splendid work at the front led and com-manded by the Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels and Majors? These commanders were able ones, and Shider and I were duly reticent. There is no denying the facts. We were both scared. So was the hog.

If this story appears in the best soldier's paper in the wide world, I may tell the Volunteer army of the United States. sometime how we broke up the nest of bushwhackers, sent the old hen over the gence and good moral standing as citizens, the gence and good moral standing as citizens,

H. and from the field and staff of our regiments good brigade or division command-ers could be selected, and in the rank and file of our companies were many men competent to command regiments, as was fully demonstrated by many Captains at the head of regiments and non-commis-sioned officers in command of companies.

These facts firmly establish the claim that The National Tellury of the companies. the head of regiments and that The National Tribune has frequently made that our army of volunteers was a representative body of intelligent and progressive American citizens,—JNO. E. WILDMAN, Co. B, 105th Ohio, Marshall-

town, Iowa.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Referring to the history of the part taken in the Kilpatrick raid by my command, which was published in The National Tribune of Jan. 22, I ask permission to make a couple

of corrections.

In describing the recovery of the disabled gun and its being brought in by volunteers from the 3d Ohio Cav. I should be a street that Cart (later Lieut Cal.) have stated that Capt. (later Lieut.-Col.) C. L. Greeno, of the 7th Pa. Cav., was with me, and materially assisted in the

recovery of the gun.

The following is the record of this gallant officer as given by Vale in "Minty

and the Cavalry," page 517:
"Greeno, Charles L., Nov. 1, 1861; Lieutenant, Co. C: promoted to Captain, Co. H, March 1, 1863, for faithful services in the field; to Major February, 1865; for distinguished services; to Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel to date from April 2, 1865, on account of greeigh between and distinguished count of special bravery and distinguished service in the battle of Selma, Ala.; mus-tered out with the regiment Aug. 23, 1865. Served with distinction on the staff of Gen. Minty as Inspector. Address, Cincinnati, Obio."